

Dear Mrs. B.

Dear Mrs. B. I am ever sincerely when I wrote that
 blue letter from Pontiac - after the people came, & matters were
 quietly settled, I felt more at ease & Mrs. Bentham never
 gave me any reason to feel that I was in the way, but
 was most kind & affectionate; & I have received most spec-
 tacular letters from her since - Indeed both she & Mr. Bentham
 seemed ready to go to Paris with us, which I consider extra-
 ordinary proof of their good nature after over 8 weeks' visit-
 and indeed I should be very ungrateful if I did not
 warmly acknowledge the kindness we have met with here, &
 the sincere, true friendship & advice I have made. Nothing can
 be kinder than they are to us here - And as for dear Harry he
 has been unwearied, & has mixed his days with the kind-
 ness of a woman joined to a man's strength - And is always
 so pleasant, & kind, & kind!

After the above little burst of gratitude, (truly it is & should
 be sincere) I had no more time to write, dear Mrs. B. as I was busy
 with me - & yesterday's mail went without my weekly con-
 tribution - And I stand my pen again in this old room, & far
 from yet you here - I drop it, I think, in the library of a friend
 where, & give handsome room, & ornamented with busts of dis-
 tinguished scholars, &c. from Bernadine & Piero downwards; but
 who unfortunately threw down a favourite theory of mine, & have
 been somewhat building upon lately; that "Great mental develop-
 ment was accompanied in some good measure by physical beauty
 & development" - Of course I admitted exceptions - But I saw there
 so many faithful old worthies in marble, that the theory would
 not do at all -

My day at this time came down quite regularly to dinner,

though he took a sea-race in red - Tuesday morning. Mr. & Mrs. Lodhunter accompanied me to choose a dressing gown for Dr. Gray. I am afraid you will call it "neat but not grand," when I tell you it is fully lined red & yellow, but trials, though perhaps fine, it is really rich & handsome - and comfortable, by the goodness with which Dr. Gray ships it - Wednesday morning. I went out directly after breakfast with Dr. Harrow to choose Dr. Gray a vest & order "it made" - Don't you think I am approaching this beau ideal of a wife, Dr. & Dr. the tailor's & order his clothes, so that he never need have to think of dress? - Thursday Dr. Harrow kindly looked after the way back as soon as he reached the colleges, to bring me our American letters, which I acknowledged when I wrote to father & mother that week. And I spent that day in diligently writing - In answer to those epistles I say to you, dear Sir, that I think the seven would be very much handsomer filled up with gold colour, & none too far for such a thing - I hope you will think so too. Friday Dr. Gray proposed to try driving in a car to the colleges & leaving the morning with Dr. Harrow there. So Mr. Lodhunter & I rode up with him, & he sitting slowly out in his dressing gown & Harrow's ponies over it, & with a staff as tall as he was, looked like some old patriarch of 100 - Mr. Lodhunter then walked with me across the river into Sackville St. a very fine broad St. with Nelson's column in the centre opposite the Post Office, a large handsome building - He then walked up round some squares surrounded with fine houses, & came down again to the river to the Custom-House; which is again a very handsome building, only you cannot tell how good the smokes of St. Patrick's work on all these buildings; they look as if they had been exposed to fire, or else wiped in great clouds with a very dirty cloud - It soon injures the effect of good architecture by bringing out lines never meant to be conspicuous & hiding others - But Dublin is a fine looking city, & we did not see as much misery as I expected - We see some strange

bare legged & bare footed creatures, driving perhaps a wretched, little donkey, mixed in with handsome equipages, and you see beggars literally clothed in rags, but still not as many miserable creatures as one expects - Dr. Gray found the little ride pleasant & agreeable, so Saturday we went again, though the skies looked threatening - It poured after we got there, but in the recesses Dr. Harrow sat with me to the Irish Academy, where the most interesting collections of Irish antiquities - One of his friends, a Dr. Gibson, shewed us round; but I had reason to think afterwards that the pleasant stories he told about everything, & the deductions & uses of various things, were an antiquarian's speculations, or else tricks upon my credulity - At any rate I took them as innocently as possible - There were many gold ornaments, some very handsome, very heavy, & quite uncorruptible as to any use that one could devise - Then a curious old cross, containing a tooth of St. Patrick's, a very antique cross, for they find in Ireland very ancient relics of the Christian Church - But what interested me very much was St. Patrick's Testament - It is in a very antique gilded case - And the manuscript is, in a black, horny looking mass, by soaking it in warm water, that got off two upper leaves, & could see that it was written in Irish character in Latin - There was also another very old manuscript of the New Testament; in very poor preservation - There were abundance of spear heads of every shape, & many curious things - The gold ornaments etc. are generally found in digging a potatoe field - Though as the peasantry are the finders, & make a mystery about it, they cannot tell whether they are in old towns or not - The bogs have wonderful powers of preservation, & among other things exhibited, is a mass you can still see bound with twigs & leaves, containing butter, so chemical examination says, & perhaps 1000 years old - I saw in the Lib. "More." - Sunday morning I went to College Chapel, Dr. Harrow having procured for me & me of his cousins tickets for the gallery - The body of the church, which is not very large, is occupied by the students, fellows, professors, &c. & they all wear white surplices - It looks very brilliant - Then each man's degree is shown by a sort of ^{mantle} ^{back} ^{mantle} hanging down the back & a band passing in front round the throat - Dr. Harrow, as Dr. G. Med. is Scarlet Cloth,

lined with crimson silk - Saw a scarlet lined with rose colour,
& a dainty scarlet lined with blk. velvet - Then Masters' black
clothes are again different. - Dr. Harvey looked very handsomely
in his white surplice, with white cravat & muslin bands, & the
scarlet bag, & blk velvet flat college cap - The music is very good
at the chapel, but the sermon was very indifferent - Dr. H.
met us as we came down stairs, & tucked his cousin & myself
under each arm, we went back to his room, where he unrobed
& then went back to the Todhunter's. Dr. Ball, who has charge of
the College Museum, accompanied us to call on Dr. Gray. He is a
giant of a man - Dr. Harvey looked like a baby by his side -
Dr. Fisher a cousin & friend, & uncle of Miss Hannah Fisher, who
went to chapel with me, dined & passed the evening with us - And after
tea the children repeated hymns & "helped a little" - Monday
morning Dr. Gray & I rode out to the college in a car, & then took
in Dr. Harvey & then went to Racine's gardens, some two miles
out of the city. They are the gardens of the Dublin Society, of which
Society Dr. H. is Pres. of Botany, & so he says has some description of the
garden, more particularly of bulb flowers - The gardens are beau-
tifully situated, with rising & falling ground, & a stream running
through one end, & the largest "stone" conservatory is a beautiful
building - And now imagine, poor, frozen people, that on the 18th.
day of December, (within almost a week of Xmas, the ^{was} grass green
& fresh, roses in blossom, even one bush of tea roses, enormous
shrubs of two varieties of laurestinias, great arbutuses, small flowers
Christmas roses, a sort of hellebore! & a jonquil, in blossom! - Such a
sweet & delicious bouquet as I carried home with me! - Tuesday
I did a little shopping, for Dr. Gray wished to go Thursday, &
we needed warm wraps - The great establishment for shopping
seemed all to be in one enormous building, up stairs & down,
where they sold every thing for dress, from shoes to millinery &
jewelry, & almost everything one could buy in shops, except
novels & hardware - but I think it very confusing, &
should rather on the whole go to different shops - Tuesday
Eve. a nephew came, & performed some very neat & pretty

the kind old - magnificent & gigantic things, Dr. H. the more of the old are treasured!

jiggling bricks to amuse the children, while Dr. Gray & Harvey occupied themselves with botany in the other room. - I had been hard at work every spare moment in Dublin, crocheting a polka for Mr. Gray. Dr. Harvey left ^{the} ~~one~~, he used to have in, while at Holyhead. - And Dr. J. found it so comfortable, that he was anxious to have one like it, especially to travel in. - So the first day we got there, Mrs. J. bought me the materials, taught me how, & with her kind help I completed it ~~Wednesday~~ day. - Except the sleeves which he preferred omitted, that he might wear it under his coat travelling; I imagine the man in this bright, red woollen thing! - Wednesday too I called on Mrs. Kelly, but found her "not at home," as she had found me also. - In the Ev. the Fichers came to tea. I had returned their call a day or two back. Mr. Ficher, a son & Miss Ficher, "Tolly" Dr. Harvey always calls her; Miss Louisa, a young lady staying with them, & Dr. Ficher; a Mr. Churchill, & two nephews, Harveys. "Tolly" has a very sweet voice & sings some very sweet songs in Irish, & Irish airs with English words. - The gentlemen went, & they being all very anxious to hear "Gaulter's Doodle," ~~they~~ too! - We had a very pleasant evening. - I got your letter that day, dear Sue, & was indeed shocked & grieved to hear of Captain Bancroft's death. A sad sad loss indeed for his mother & Lizzie! To send to them my sincerest love & sympathy - Ah me! How little each knows what befalls those separated so widely! - It was the very day after Mr. Gray's accident, & I was alone, & so anxious & worried & lonely at Holyhead. I do hope Lizzie Bancroft will not be injured. Her mother must need her more than ever now. - You criticize the ^{words} ride & drive. - As is the meaning of the words, ride is no doubt correct, but the usage has become quite settled, as to distinguishing the meaning, & is certainly convenient. - Especially where they ride & drive so much. - Wednesday Ev. we had some snow, & it was quite a cold night & high wind, & I feared the channel would be rough for crossing, so after some persuasion & entreaties, Dr. ^{Gray} ~~Gray~~ ^{commanded} to give up the idea of getting a new or Labrador's coat, but to pass Sunday on the way, & get there in Monday. - Sir William Hooper had kindly written to say that he & Miss Hooper had been looking for lodgings for me, & had found

some such we thought would suit us. But they wished us to
come there & pass a few days until we could quietly settle ourselves,
& Dr. Barry had also written to ask us to come there until Dr. Gray
should be quite well again. But we thought it would save trouble
& fatigue in moving & unpacking, to settle ourselves quietly at once
in our lodgings; so we wrote to decline their kindness; & also to say
to the Harveys, that we must give up the visit to Clapham we
had promised ourselves, & go at once to our lodgings. - Dr. Gray went
to the College & to the garden Wednesday. It was damp & cold, &
I think he got too tired & took some cold, for he did not seem
so bright Thursday. Mrs. Fisher called Thursday morning & brought
me a lovely pair of "Spider Mitts". Her husband's sister & brother's wife,
Mrs. Scaddeter, of whose sad death Mrs. Toddhunter had told me, taught
the poor Irishwomen about her, beginning first with coarse articles
to do at length this fairy-like knitting, & so raise them, by giving
them some remunerative occupation, mentally & physically. - When
Mrs. Fisher heard we staid until the next day, she said we must
pass the evening with them. Dr. Gray prudently declined for himself,
but I accepted. - I passed a good portion of the day, when not
packing, in writing to little Pat. - And finished just as it was time
for Dr. Harvey & I, the only representatives who went, to repair to the
Fishes. - They are church-people, & so the furniture was more gay,
& they had a piano - they are very pleasant people. Mrs. Fisher is a
most hearty, warm, & cordial Irish woman, her heart on her tongue,
& pouring out with ready expression. Fat & good-natured looking, &
with an accent which to my ears is very pleasant. The little boys
sound most sweetly in Mrs. Fisher & Mrs. Toddhunter. - Mr. Fisher
is very pleasant, & so is the son. "Villy" is interesting & pleasing in ap-
pearance, & sweet & pleasant; but Hannah, "Nanny" they all call
her, is very pretty, with soft dark eyes, dark hair, the face a little
too full perhaps, but most sweet & innocent in expression, & betok-
ening a lovely character. - Her manner seems a little too soft till
you get used to it, & her voice is very low & soft. Harvey laughs so
playfully at her for its weakness. - But when you talk with her
you see the gentleness & softness is no affectation. - There were

^x She had been suffering dreadfully from face-ache for some days, & was just out of bed.

two or three young gentlemen there, & two young ladies who sung
duets very sweetly. - And towards the end of the evening Harry
Fisher & a young man named Griffin acted a charade. Caber-
tally - "Cat's-paw". The young man was nephew to Gerald Griffin
who wrote "the collegeans"; he was a very old friend of the
family; & some of ^{his poetical} pieces are addressed to them. - I am
sure, if you could get hold of his poetry, you would like it, some of
the pieces are very sweet. Perhaps I will send you a copy of one; but
I wish I could hear Dr. Harvey read them aloud. - Gerald Griffin
wrote "a place in thy memory, dearest." - Then we bade good-bye.
To come home, it was concert night, & no car was to be found;
after waiting some time, I said if I could only get something for
my feet I should enjoy walking. - After due trial the largest pair of
ladies boots were secured. - I had wrapped a scarf over my head that
I need not bundle my cap with a bonnet, & thought it would do
to wear at night; but Mrs. Fisher insisted on surmounting it with
a bonnet, & as her face was large & round, & the bonnet larger &
rounder, you may imagine how picturesque I was. And how brave
Dr. Harvey was to venture through the streets in night-moonlight
with such a figure! But we had a most pleasant walk. - The
dear man was actually sending to the washerwoman to get in clothes,
that we might go on to London with us, to take care of Dr. Gray on
the way. - But we stopped such an overtask upon his kindness. -
Friday was a lovely day. - So I finished packing, & Mrs. Toddhunter
put up a basket of cold chicken, bread, biscuits, &c. to refresh us, should
we get no dinner, & a little bottle of wine & ^{orange} juice, all together in a
nice basket. - Mr. Toddhunter & Dr. Harvey labelled all the luggage;
down to the bundle of wraps, & put into my hand a card with a
list of the different pieces. - And at 12 o'clock we bade good-bye to dear
bublin. - I cannot tell you half how kind they were to us in every way,
from eldest to youngest. - And all done so that you quite forgot
how much they were doing for you. - Mrs. Toddhunter is charming. And
has a great deal of wit & humour behind the quiet Quaker manner. -
And I got very much attached to the children, particularly little Nanny.

Mr. Todhunter & Dr. Harvey went down to Kingstown with us, & saw us on board the boat: And at last we bade them good bye & began to think with Mrs. Wenthams, that it is a great draw-back in travelling to make good kind, pleasant friends, that one would cling to always, & then be forced to bid them good bye - Perhaps, most probably, never to meet again! -

Soon after we left the harbour, leaving Dr. Gray by the fire in the saloon, I retreated to the ladies' cabin & a sofa; for ever since I have been upon the ocean, I am very unsteady on the water - But by lying still, I got on very comfortably, & was edified by the groans of an old lady - Passenger - "Rasty, horrid piece of water! It is very hard they can't bridge it over!" & then at the deck walkers, "Frightful, horrid creatures, I have been wondering when they would get tired!" - Her daughters sympathetically responded "It was the longest 5th hours they ever passed!" to which I privately agreed - The moon rose just as we landed, so we could recognize "the Castle Hotel," & we got safely to the R.R. - We saw there the man, [steamerboat director I think he is] who saw Dr. Gray fall. And who helped him afterwards to the omnibus & to bed - He says the fall was at least 20 feet - That he saw Dr. Gray go down, & said to the men, "what are you throwing stuff up down this side for?" They answered, "it is a man down!" - He said he had no idea of finding him alive - I told him it was shameful there was no guard - He said it was very misty that night on the side he fell - The more reason, I should think, that there should be some protection! - The cars were off by 7, & Dr. Gray & I made a good dinner from Mrs. Todhunter's basket - We reached Chester at 10, & went at once to bed - The next morning was soft & pleasant, & Dr. Gray was anxious to show me the Cathedral - I feared the fatigue of the walk, but he insisted it did not tire him, so we set off - Fortunately Chester is not a large place - But the houses are very quaint & old - Many of them with gable ends to the street, & with wooden beams filled in with plaster, making many grotesque shapes & patterns, & sometimes the wood is elaborately carved - The Cathedral looks more ancient than it is, for

it was built of very soft stone which has worn away, rounding the corners, & scaling off in some places. The choir is fitted up for service & has very elaborately carved stalls. And ladies quite round the wall in time to hear the end of the service - It is always chanted in cathedrals - Then we took a survey of the church outside - Then Dr. Gray insisted on going to show me part of the old wall - Chester was an old walled town, & the wall still stands, but has been built upon so closely in some places on both sides, that you would not know you were on the wall until told - The top of the wall serves as a promenade about wide enough for two, & where it crosses the streets there are no longer gates, but a wide arch; we passed the old tower where King Charles I saw his army defeated on Rowton Moor - And we walked some way on the old wall - You can go quite round on it - The streets were full with preparations for Xmas - The houses are built with the first story, say a shop or open stall, then the second story is half away, & overhung by the 1st. making an open gallery, by which you can pass from one end of a street to the other over the shops underneath, & covered from the weather - there are open shops opening into these galleries, & sundry things displayed in them for sale - The butchers' shops have open fronts, & great pieces of meat were hung up stuck with holly boughs; the grocers' windows made most tempting displays, & were dressed with artificial flowers; boys had great vilas of holly, laurestina & other boughs for sale; and as, being Saturday, I suppose it was market day, the streets were very picturesque - Here a group of rough, shaggy little donkeys, there women squatted with heaps of nice looking vegetables, poultry held up to tempt you, & girls with nice baskets & a clean towel inside it, offering to wait on your honours, & take your purchases - And some successful applicants following a housekeeper with her basket half laden on her head - We got back to the Inn in time to rest, & at 1/2 past 1 took the R.R. to Litchfield - We began to see snow as we went on, & when we reached L., it was drizzling, freezing, slushy, cold & dreary -

5 Cumberland Place. New Dec. 27th.
Friday.

Here we are settled in our snug lodgings since Monday Aft. - Dr. Gray continues to do well. Though he needs checking somewhat - I have got no letters this week. And as I have one from Dr. Harvey on Christmas, & he sends no foreign letters, I suppose this steamer brought none - I hope it is not sad news that has prevented writing - I have ridden them up now. Though I thought the delay at first was from their being sent to Ireland - But to continue, dear me, with journal - The station at Eitchfield is a mile from the town, & we were glad when the omnibus dropped us at last at the comfortable George inn, where a nice fire & good dinner soon cheered us - The next morning, as I thought Dr. Gray felt the effects of yesterday's chill, I wanted him to stay at home, certainly not to go to the Cathedral, they are generally so damp & chill. At last we compromised matters, by driving to a parish church, which they said was warmed, & where we heard a good sermon; & then drove to the Cathedral - We found on going in to that, that the choir was most comfortably warmed & felled up - Quite provanis! - The cathedral is very fine outside & in - It has three spires, two at the end of the nave, & 1 where the cross meets - and there is a great deal of handsome carving & other ornament; but the flying buttresses are heavy - The choir is simple inside, but very handsome, & fine old stained glass windows at the end - The modern ones at the side show badly in contrast - The nave is long & high, & a fine stained window at the end - The aisles run the whole length, & at the end of one is the famous statue of Chaucer's of the sleeping children - There is another statue of him in the church, & some modern iron monuments but not many old ones - We had a fine view of the Cathedral inside & out, & it is well worth seeing, & we can see it too, for there is a nice open square round it, with a handsome house for the Bishop on one side - We walked back, & at a little distance is a sheet of water spanned by a handsome bridge, & with iron railings & trees about it, & it made a very pretty view as a foreground, with the

cathedral rising in the back - Eitchfield was the most comfortable, venerable, substantial look; not as antique as Chester, but old & respectable, & I loved it for its name's sake - In the market place is a statue to Saml. Johnson - We were up betimes in the morning & bade good bye to our most comfortable inn & took the "rail" at 9 1/4 for London - It was cold, & crowded, & slow, & we did not get to London until after 1 - Then such a crowd & confusion, & such a strife for a cab! - We got one at last, stopped at Dr. Booth's to report ourselves, & see if he had any letters, & drove at once, an interminable 6 miles it seemed to me, to New - At the garden gate we found a note from Mr. William, containing our address, 5 Cumberland Place somewhat grand, but we found a neat, little, two story house, & on the second floor two rooms, parlour & chamber; they are very small, but neat as neat can be, & look out pleasantly; the chamber on yards & the green fields, the front on the Botanic garden - The omnibuses to London pass our doors, & the R.R. is 8 minutes' walk - Two nice old women keep the house, & look after things, & wait on us, cook & do everything for 12s. a week; which is the rent of the rooms! - They bring in a bill at the end of the week for everything eatable, which they procure at our order, & for the "coals"; we find ourselves in tea & candles, & in a little cupboard at my side are sugar bowl, tea caddy, &c. under lock & key, if I please. - Odd this! going to house-keeping as it were, here in a "foreign land"! - About 12 an hour after our arrival Sir Wm. & Miss Woker called - I was in shock - in deshabille, but must see them - While we were at dinner Lady Woker sent us a pudding & some nice tea; & we found when we came a note from her asking us to dinner the next day & Mr. Christenien - In the eve. came a sweet bunch of flowers from Miss Woker. - We were asked to come as soon after breakfast as possible next day, & as soon

as I could accomplish some necessary things Tuesday morn.
we were off, but not before ^{Dr. J.'s insupportable fidget} 12. Had a pleasant day, they dine
at 1 as Sir Mm. is ordered on account of his invalid state, &
were not back until after tea - Dr. Gray undertook to read
aloud to me after we got back, & what with the fatigue
of walking to the bookers & back, felt dull & was morn.
so we gave up going to church & took the R.R. at 1 1/2 to
Barnhall, then a cab to Clapham to dine with the Wards,
got there in time for Dr. J. to get a nap before dinner -
Found Mrs. Ward still poorly, but she came down to
dinner, had a pleasant, merry dinner, warmest welcome
from them all, & a merry, frolicking evening. We persuaded
Dr. Gray to go to bed at 11 1/2, but I did not get to bed until
1 1/2! - Dr. Gray & I, with two little children of a friend's in
India, whom they keep for the holidays, made with them
all, brothers & sisters, 16 - A fine large family, & so happy in
themselves! - Yesterday morn. Ann Ward went into London
with us, & we passed the day shopping - Dr. J. & I returning
here at dusk - Last Ev. came a note from Lady Woster,
inviting us there to dine to-day - He accepted, but this morn.
I felt dull, (eat too much pudding I suppose,) & between you &
I, glad of an excuse to pass the day chatting with you, as my
spouse must go to the Herb. I sent him charged with apolo-
gies from me, & to make my place good himself -

I enclose two pair of the "Spider mitts" the long for Lizzie
the short for another, as I was boxes from their loving
pamper - If any body jancies them enough to order some
through me, they will bestow the best of charities, & I will
gladly execute commissions; they are not very expensive, &
there are different patterns - They are all knit by hand & of the
finest silk - Beg a little for me, Sue! Trust warm love to all.
from your fond Seannie